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AN EXPRESS FROM *PANDÆMONIUM* TO Dr. Sach=l,

Occasion'd by his late *Tour* from *OXF---D.*

Quis tulerit Gracchos *de seditione querentes?* Juvenal.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Baldwin* near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*. 1710.
Price Two Pence.

AN

EXPRESS

FROM

Pandæmonium

TO

Dr. *SACH*---- *L.*

Dear Vaſſal,

LEST you ſhould think me inſenſible of the many ſignal Services you have done to my Honour and Intereſt, eſpecially in that lively *Epitome* of the Terreſtrial Globe, which you inhabit and adorn; I have thought fit to

diſpatch a Courier from theſe gloomy Regions, to let you know how acceptable your whole Conduct has been both to my ſelf and our Infernal Conclave; and that we never fail of placing you in the Front of our *Toaſts* at every Carouſe.

Your early Zeal and ſucceſsful Endeavours in giving a favourable (tho' ſome may call it Poyſonous) Taint to thoſe clear Streams of *Iſis*, which had heretofore not a little annoy'd theſe Tartareous Realms, We cannot but gratefully acknowledge: And doubt not to ſee the Happy Effects in an Hopeful Race of Young *Boutefeu's*, true *Sons of Fire*, that will not fail to perpetuate the Generous Flame you have, to your peculiar and immortal Renown, ſo ſeaſonably kindled.

But above all I muſt tell you, *Dear Friend*, when we conſider both the unparallel'd Attempt it ſelf, and the lucky Conſequents ſtill riſing to an higher Pitch every Day, we are little leſs than raptur'd at your incomparable Harangue of *November* 5th, ſo well adapted to our Service for Mat-

ter, Time and Place; and your matcheſs Courage, Reſolution and Conduct, as well in its Propagation through all Corners of the World, as its moſt artful, evaſive and inſinuating Defence. Theſe indeed are ſuch Atchievements, as none of my Truſty *Agents* ever yet came fully up to: And as they are ſet off with more Maſterly Stroaks than any of 'em can deſervedly boaſt; ſo they will not fail to perpetuate the precious Name of *Sach* —— *l* through our longeſt Annals.

How skilfullly have you rous'd the latent Paſſions of *Jealouſy* and *Fear*, amidſt a People who before had the Vanity to think themſelves the ſafeſt and happieſt in the Univerſe! How eaſily, how ſuddenly, and how unaccountably have you intercepted their more pleaſing Views, pall'd their wonted lively Reliſh of *Succeſſes* abroad, and wholly turn'd 'em from the Bright Side of the Cloud, till overpour'd with Chagrin, each is afraid of his Friend, of Himſelf, and of his Shadow; or elſe impetuouſly hurried

ried into ſome Degree of a raving Frenzy! How imperceptibly, like the *Tarantula*, have you ſtruck into the Giddy and Unthinking Vulgar your muſt ſubtil Venomous *Effluviums*; and, inverting the regular Courſe of their Spirits, led 'em ſuch an Enthuſiaſtic Dance, as nothing but the ſprightly Airs of your own Muſick can cure or allay! With how lucky a Talent have you wrapt up your well laid Deſigns in ambiguous Expreſſions; cover'd 'em with the ſpecious Mantle of Religion; pour'd all the United Aids of borrow'd Rhetorick and Maſterly Equivocation on the leſs ſignificant Parts of your Charge; cunningly paſs'd over the more weighty; and now and then intermix'd, with the moſt cogent Imprecations, a ſolemn Diſowning of thoſe very Obnoxious Points which you principally aim'd at!

Thus You reap the moſt exquiſite Satisfaction of Deluding Millions of ſilly ignorant Souls: A Pleaſure which ſo ſenſibly ſtrikes me, that I

can

can ſcarce without Envy allow it to any of my Subjects!

Your flaming Zeal and ſtrenuous Conteſt for *Abſolute Monarchy* cannot but be highly acceptable to me, who am no leſs an Enemy to all other Forms of *Government* than to the General Peace and Tranquility of Mankind; and have ever abhorr'd as *Republican* and *Antimonarchical*, even *Monarchy* it ſelf, whilſt bearing the leaſt Allay of *Parliamentary* Schemes, or circumſcrib'd by any pretended Limits of Fundamental *Laws*, tho' never ſo Antient or Eſſential to the *Conſtitution*.

My Firſt Station, 'tis true, was Noble and Princely: But, impatient of the leaſt Reſtraint to my impetuous Will, and reaching after further Heights of imaginary Bliſs, I broke through the Eſtabliſh'd *Laws* of my Limited Power; boldly puſh'd at the Glorious Summit of Abſolute Sovereignty, to have wreſted the Scepter, if poſſible, out of Omnipotent Hands; fail'd in the Mighty Attempt, and ſunk at once from that vaſt Expanſe

of

of Æthereal Light to theſe diſconſolate Regions of ſubterraneous Gloom. Nor does any thing ſo far contribute to the rendring ſuch Judicial Confinement in ſome meaſure ſupportable, as the delightful Views of my own Methods and Deſigns being ſtill carried on in any Parts of the World. And therefore I cannot but expreſs the Deep Senſe I have of your ſeaſonable Interpoſition for the Relief of my Grand *Repreſentative* and neareſt *Allie*, that Dazling Patron of Abſolute Sway; together with the Hopeful *Branch* of Deſpotic Stem, under his Tutelar Care. Seaſonable, I call it; becauſe in the very *Criſis* of his forc'd Submiſſion, like my ſelf, to the moſt mortifying Confinement; and giving up the Darling Prop of your Hopes to ſeek his Fortune in a mercileſs World, utterly incapable of ever anſwering your Prayers and Tears; You have given ſuch a powerful Diverſion, at leaſt in comfortable Proſpect, to the Reſiſtleſs Arms and Profound Councils of an Immortal HEROINE, the very *Soul* of

of thoſe United Adverſe Powers, (whom, in reſpect of the Unparallel'd Bent of Her Mind for promoting Subſtantial Piety, and Reſtoring, as once *Auguſtus*, Univerſal *Peace* to the World, I have ever eſteem'd the Greateſt Enemy to my *Cauſe* and Intereſt) as yet affords ſome glimmering Hopes of an Unlimited Subſiſtence to the *One*, and Reſtoration to the *Other*.

Depend upon it, *Sir*, however you may be revil'd by a Set of aſſuming Champions for *Liberty*, We here eſteem You the moſt Exalted *Genius* of the Age, and the Happieſt Aſſerter of unbounded Vaſſalage to our Univerſal Empire: Inſomuch that after a long and warm Debate, We have left it undetermin'd, whether that Mighty *Monarch*, Hoary in Feats of War, and once Elate with the proſperous Events of inſidious Stratagems, who lately ſhook the moſt Renown'd Parts of the *Europæan* World, has done more towards a total Subverſion of the general Quiet and Safety of Mankind, and peopling theſe Infernal Realms, than your own ſingle

Self, who have not only laid down the moſt effectual Plan of Contention for the Preſent and Future Ages, but generouſly conſign'd over to our Society and Service Millions of ſuch Vaſſals as We apprehended very little Reaſon to hope for. In Requital therefore, Dear *Sir*, whenever the moſt Auguſt *Chevalier*, through your Mighty Aids, ſhall return Triumphant to ſway that *Iron Scepter* you have ſo warmly pleaded for, We promiſe to ſecure you, not only the moſt Eminent Poſt among his Chief *Miniſters* of *State*, but a farther Promotion into the *Electing Conclave*, and thence, if poſſible, to thoſe Bright Enſigns of Omnipotence, the Tremendous *Keys*; for which, without Compliment, We eſteem your Qualifications inferior to none that have preceded. And when, after a continued *Series* of further Service, you ſhall make your Deſcent to theſe Dark Abodes, We further promiſe to ſolemnize the Happy Arrival with Uncommon Honours, by meeting you with a more Splendid and Numerous Retinue, than

than thoſe at *Banb—ry*, *Cov—ry*, *War—k*, *Br—rth*, &c.

Thus far by way of *Eulogy*. I ſhall only ſubjoin a Word or two of Advice.

Whatever you do, my *Friend*, be ſure to cheriſh that generous Ardor and high Opinion of your *Perſon* and *Cauſe*, which you have ſo luckily fix'd in thoſe mighty Judges of Merit, the loweſt Rank of Mankind; who will not fail, in your Defence, to make up by Noiſe and Tumult what they want in Argument. And to ſecure 'em the better, endeavour always to keep their Spirits on the ſtretch, by appearing often at the Head of 'em in different Parts of the Country, ripening them for open Rebellion, as ſoon as Opportunity ſhall ſerve, under a diſguis'd Abhorrence of the Tranſactions of Forty One; ſuggeſting the Danger of the *Church*, and aſpiring Aims of the *Presbyterians*, and branding all as ſuch, of what Quality ſoever, if they can't join in extolling You as their *Martyr* and *Idol*; amuſing 'em with

rumbling Contradictions, which in the preſent Hurry will eaſily paſs for Oracle; boldly levelling the antient *Conſtitution* of the *Britiſh Government* with the moſt *Abſolute Monarchies* in the World; and Defending the antiquated *Revolution* by *Paſſive Obedience*, the *Eſtabliſh'd Succeſſion* by indefeaſable *Hereditary Right*, and *Tranſubſtantiation* by Mathematical Reaſoning. For if you once ſuffer 'em to cool a little, they may chance to come to themſelves; and then, as ſhallow as they are, 'tis ten to one but the Tables will turn upon you, and their preſent Adoration dwindle not only into a cold Neglect, but downright Defiance and Contempt.

Laſtly, From a juſt Regard to that mighty Burden you ſuſtain (not the *Care of the Churches*, like *him* who was really in *Perils among Falſe Brethren*; tho' once in my Intereſt, and ſcarce ſhort of your Extirpating Zeal; but) the ſpreading *Faction* you have ſo happily given Birth to, and ſtill continue to cheriſh and improve; I would recommend (if your own

Pro-

Propenſion did not render it needleſs) a daily and liberal Uſe of the *Bottle*; leaſt your Spirits being ſo long exerted beyond the common Laws of Nature, ſhould flag under this more than *Herculean* Toil, and you loſe ſome Degree of that magnanimous Front and ſtrong Torrent of Rhetorick, which has been hitherto ſo ſerviceable to the Glorious *Cauſe*: And leaſt, upon any cool Intervals, the ſcatter'd Remains of a Well-manag'd Conſcience ſhou'd chance to rally againſt you, and repreſenting the frightful Views of that deſtructive Conflagration, which, like the young unskilful *Charioteer*, you have ſo audaciouſly kindled, unhappily ſink you into ſuch a Fit of Chagrin, as wou'd reflect the moſt irreparable Diſparagement on all your Worthy and Matchleſs Efforts, ſtill ſubſervient to thoſe Great Deſigns wherein I have ever been moſt indefatigably engag'd. But I muſt not diſmiſs you on this Topic, without injoyning this ſeaſonable and neceſſary Caution, *viz.* That whenſoever you ſhall think fit to repeat

peat your good Wiſhes for the Hopeful CHEVALIER, you will be ſure always to make a true Judgment of the Company, and carefully avoid the *Perils of Falſe Brethren*; ſuch as your *quondam* Friend Mr. *P——r*, Son to a late Biſhop of that Name, who ſticks not to affirm, and is ready to atteſt upon Oath, That he has ſeen you more than twenty times joyn, with a very particular Reliſh, in that agreeable *Toaſt:* And *Dean J——es*, an Eminent *Non-juror*, who has of late publickly affirm'd at *Bath*, with the utmoſt abhorrence of your Perjury, that he knows you both frequently to have drank the aforeſaid Health, and to be as ſtanch in the Intereſts of *Young Maſter*, in Oppoſition to the *Han——r Eſtabliſhment*, as any Man in the Kingdom. As you value therefore the Credit of your *Cauſe*, let me have no ſuch Overſights; a few more of which would infallibly ſink it beyond Retrieve.

I have nothing further to add at preſent, but the hearty Salutes of your

your many Admirers here; particularly the ancient *Gracchi* and their Succeſſor *Catiline*, with the more Modern *Wat Tyler*, *Wiat*, *Guido Faux*, *Maſſanello*, *Father Petre*, and the reſt of the *Men of Fire*; together with my ſingular Favourites, the Soaring *W—ſey*, *T.* of *B——ket*, &c. Deep-thinking *R——lieu*, *La Ch—ſe*, and other *Theologo - political - Champions*, who having quitted the immediate Studies of their Function, were wholly immers'd in the Profound Intrigues of *State*. Go on and proſper; and reſt always aſſur'd of the ſpecial Care, Direction and Favour of,

Dated from *Pandæmonium apud Inferos.*

Your very much

Obliged Friend,

L—FER.

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